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In Memoriam
Michael Arnold

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En steel by John Sartain Phil^a

Michael Arnold,

R. W. Grand Master.

1893-1894.

Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania,

Free and Accepted Masons

In Memoriam

Right Worshipful Past Grand Master

Brother

Michael Arnold

1903

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GRAND LODGE OF PENNSYLVANIA

Special Communication

Held at Philadelphia, April 27th, A. D. 1903, A. L. 5903.

Right Worshipful Grand Master, Brother EDGAR A. TENNIS, addressed Grand Lodge as follows:

Leaves have their time to fall,

And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath;

And stars to set, but—

Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O, Death!

Again this Grand Lodge is called to mourn the loss of one who has filled her highest offices, and, full of years and honor, has been summoned by Death from his earthly labors—Brother Michael Arnold, Past Grand Master of the Right Worshipful Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania and Masonic Jurisdiction Thereunto Belonging, died at his residence in this city, on Friday morning, April 24th, A. D. 1903, A. L. 5903.

Emblems of mourning are not needed to remind us that a shadow rests upon us; the countenances of the Brethren he loved so well indicate that a familiar face

and figure has left the field of action to return no more.

The kind and faithful voice which has so often pronounced our names, we shall never hear again in Grand Lodge. We sorrow to-day, and our affliction is great, but in the Providence of God, the Great Grand Master, let us remember that—

“The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.”

It is fitting that when one who has occupied for many years an important and responsible station in this Grand Lodge, and who has been known not only throughout this Jurisdiction, but in all our sister Grand Lodges, when such an one is taken from us by the hand of Death, it is right and proper the event should receive more than a passing notice at our hands.

In order, therefore, that the feelings of this Grand Lodge shall find expression in a form which may go forth throughout the Masonic world, and be spread upon her records as a perpetual testimony through all future years, of the esteem and regard with which the memory of a faithful, earnest and accomplished Officer is cherished by those who have known him in life, I shall ask R. W. Junior Grand Warden, Brother George B. Orlady, to review the Masonic life of our departed Brother, and prepare a series of resolutions to

be presented to Grand Lodge at our June Communication.

Right Worshipful Past Grand Master, Brother WILLIAM J. KELLY, addressed Grand Lodge as follows :

Right Worshipful Grand Master and Brethren:
On behalf of the Past Grand Masters who have kindly permitted me to prepare a word upon this occasion, I offer you the following :

Any eulogium of Brother Arnold will be incomplete which does not analyze his character, temperament, and humanity.

His conduct and actions when among us partook of the Divine character, so far as it is permissible for us poor mortals to reach, and he has left an example sure to be followed by his Brethren which will ennoble them in their thoughts, their actions and their aspirations.

Brother JOHN L. KINSEY, Junior Grand Deacon, addressed Grand Lodge as follows :

Right Worshipful Grand Master and my Brethren of the Grand Lodge :

Perhaps, just at this time, in conformity with the suggestion of this beautiful ritual, it may not be intrusive to offer a humble word of tribute to the beloved character, the noble man, the affectionate Brother,

whose departure we are gathered here to mourn. Sorrow, no doubt, would best be satisfied with silence; and the grieved heart would best commune with its own bitterness in solitude; yet, as has been suggested by Past Grand Master Kelly, a man such as he was, deserves something from us by way of open acknowledgment of the love and respect his worthy life has merited. Hard is it to realize that, after all these years of struggle,—through agonies unequalled,—under the torturing but idle efforts of science to relieve, finally that masterful will, that keen intellect, and heroic fortitude should be obliged to surrender to the implacable and insatiate foe of all humanity. With him has passed out of life the personal friend of every one who knew him, for every man who knew him was his friend, and he was theirs; for the reason that if there was any one of the many admirable traits in his character conspicuous above the others, it was that of pure and splendid and spotless friendship, unsullied by any possible deception or insincerity; such as would stand truest in time of direct need, with a fidelity typical of all the best that can ever be exhibited in man's love for his fellow man,—free from all pride, vain glory, envy, malice, uncharitableness, unkindliness of any sort. In every relation, he was just the same genial, kind, affectionate, loving Brother, and there was about him always a radi-

ant atmosphere of finest sympathy, that was felt by every one who came within its influence. This was true of him in whatever position he might be placed. Whether in the one you now so ably occupy, Worshipful Sir, or upon the Bench, or elsewhere, his manner was that of perfect naturalness and winning simplicity. As a Judge, he never haughtily enfolded himself in official robes and said, by attitude or utterance, "You can only approach me through the conventional customs that have been prescribed." At side bar, at chambers, in the retiring room, in the corridor, on the street, in the Lodge Room, in the social hour, in his library, be it where it may, he was the same open-hearted, courteous, tender, candid, loving spirit in the one place as the other, and thus he walked through life, strewing upon the right hand and upon the left those kindly sentiments which were an inspiration and an example to the fortunate ones who had the opportunity to meet him. There was no man in this community, and I say this considerately, that held more numerous and particular personal relations to his age, and to so great a number of his individual fellow beings as Michael Arnold. And yet, with all this goodliness of heart, with all this gentleness of nature, with all this great humanity that characterized him, he was, withal, as was ever manifest in his clearly pronounced

opinions, a man of the strongest sense and the most practical wisdom in all worldly affairs; not laboring to reach his judgments by the slow processes of logic, but rather by an intuition that was swift and precise, and that went right into the heart of things and dealt with the substance of realities rather than with glittering delusions of appearances. As an illustration, recall the reform in legal processes wrought by him. Through his wisdom were abolished some old methods, which, undisturbed and unaffected, more out of veneration for their antiquity than for their convenience, had been in existence and had embarrassed the practice of the law through centuries. Yet he, despite the comment and criticism of lawyers who had become wedded to those customs, inaugurated, in our practice, almost by a single stroke, as my legal brethren well know, a new system which answered every purpose and yet was free from all the technicalities that so long had hampered them.

If the test of greatness be the ability to do great things easily, and in a way apparently effortless, then was he, indeed, great in the fullest meaning of that title.

There is so much that comes to me and to which I should like to refer regarding my personal relations with my deceased Brother, for I had known him so

long and so well and under such varied circumstances. In the last of a series of visits that I had been accustomed to pay him upon Sunday mornings at the hospital, we spent a most charming hour together. It was the last time I saw him, now some months ago. We were there alone, and, his memory running backward over the years that we had been together, recalled, in a most delightful reminiscent way, tinted here and there with that exquisite humor which always marked his conversation, but which was always free from every element of the cynical, many incidents, odd and curious and interesting, that we had conjointly experienced in our professional life in days by gone. His mind was vigorous, his spirit cheery, and the future was aglow for him with his unfailing hope. Yet, as I left him, I felt, with the premonition of prophecy, that that was my concluding visit, as it so proved ; for, shortly thereafter, he was borne from the hospital to his home to die.

But this is not the time for extended eulogy ; that will come later, and, to whomsoever the lot falls, will afford a fertile theme. Our ceremonial, now, necessarily, but brief, is, according to our form, to pay a parting offering to his memory, preceding the bearing of him away off to the lonely hillside, there to commit that great, warm tender heart again to kinship with the cold clod,—and so, leave him forever, we can

only say what the old Roman said at the graveside of his cherished dead, in words not unlike to those of this ritual, "In perpetuum ave frater atque vale,"—"And so forever our Brother peace and farewell."

And yet, with an instinct of our nature, we have the wish that it were not wholly thus. The bereft soul is unsubmissive and loath to give him up, and longs to penetrate the possibilities of the inscrutable, so that it might know that he is still there, and that even now perhaps, from those divine heights, clothed in the splendor of his spirit regalia, with sad, firm, but kind eyes is still with interest watching us; and, in the anguish of our deprivation, we would fain cry out, Oh, beloved Arnold! forget us not, neither forsake us. Let thy spirit, if it may, return to us again, and by such presence lead us, who are left a little longer, also to the realization of those high ideals which thy voice ever advocated, and to which thou hast thyself so gloriously attained.

Brother J. HENRY WILLIAMS, Grand Pursuivant, addressed Grand Lodge as follows:

Right Worshipful Grand Master and Brethren:—
My personal loss in the death of Judge Arnold is so deep, so great, and so recent that I fear fitting words cannot be found in which to express the feelings of my heart.

The span of life said to be allotted as the average age of him that the Great Creator has placed upon this earth, that he may better fit himself for the life to come, is about thirty and two years, and for nearly that period it has been my privilege, pleasure and good fortune to know and to have well known our friend and Brother whose departure we mourn, in whose honor and memory this Special Communication of Grand Lodge is held, and whose mortal remains will ere long be committed to the dust from whence they came.

Here within these walls, and within this building, the foundations of which were so well laid by our Brethren in the operative art, and whose hands have so well built, that a super-structure, the majestic and beautiful proportions of which have challenged the admiration of the profane as well that of the Brethren of the Mystic Tie,—here, I say, within these walls, no more fitting place could be found in which to commemorate the worth, extol the virtues, and sound the praises of him, who, ten years ago, occupied with grace and dignity the Oriental Chair, and presided over the destinies of sixty thousand representative men of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Here where the Operative Mason wrought with so much skill, adding stone upon stone, here a column, there a column, combining strength with beauty, so too

the Speculative Member of the Craft has wrought in the quarries of humanity, squared the marble of coldness and selfishness, and warmed it by the heat of love and affection into living, breathing principles, for the benefit and welfare of mankind.

Among the many who have so wrought, none is more conspicuous than Past Grand Master Michael Arnold.

His record of two years, 1893 and 1894, as Grand Master is a monument to his learning, skill and ability.

Faithful in his work here, as elsewhere, no task was too great and no labor too arduous for his application, industry and energy.

He was clear in thought, prompt in action, wise in council, and ever courteous. Even when he did not agree with you, and was compelled to decide adversely, it was done in such a way that you knew he felt he was right, and your disappointment was eradicated by your admiration for his wisdom and courtesy.

This applies not only to his work in the Fraternity, but also to his work in the wider field and greater sphere as a Counselor and as Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

High honors he received at the hands of his fellow citizens in this community. Higher were offered and declined.

When it became his duty to submit to his portion of the ills that all mankind is heir to, he met it with courage, fortitude and cheerful resignation.

The soldier on the field of battle has the incentive of the passion of humanity to fight and win, but he who sits in the quietude of reflection, calmly looking death in the face, and smiles, possesses infinitely greater courage.

Judge Arnold did this.

Recently I heard an aged man speak of approaching dissolution, and what he said seems so appropriate to our loss on this occasion that I take the liberty of repeating his remarks. He said, "I see approaching
"daily a little nearer, the dawning of an eternal day,
"to me a new day, but a day that never had a morning,
"a day that will never know an evening, but 'one sacred,
"high eternal noon.' As it approaches day by day, more
"distinct, I do not retard my pace to postpone the
"meeting, neither do I quicken my pace to meet it."

Judge Arnold is dead! Nay, he lives! not here, but in the other Land. Not here with us to-day! True, not in body, but the sweetness of our Communion continues. The nobler part no longer influenced by the frailties of humanity—the purified spirit accepted at the Great White Throne—yet speaks to us. Bids us be of good cheer. The parting is but of short duration.

Soon we shall be joined again, ne'er to part.

Judge Arnold is the last of the three most intimate friends of my lifetime. Friendships begun when, as a boy, I left school to take up the labor of life. All three have passed away in a comparatively short space of time, and I am admonished that the waves of eternity are rising higher and higher upon the shores of time; but there is the comforting thought that—

“I have friends in spirit land
Not shadows of a shadowy band
Not others, but themselves are they
And still I think of them the same
As when the Master's summons came—

* * * * *

'Tis sweet as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.”

Brother GEORGE S. GRAHAM addressed Grand Lodge
as follows :

Right Worshipful Grand Master and Brethren:—
I have but a word to add to the warm, sincere eulogies to which you have listened. I speak out of the deep depths of a permanent and abiding affection for the man that is dead. Two occasions at this moment press themselves upon my memory. One is when, not long since, hosts of his friends gathered together in the

court room, members of the Bar and members of the Bench, from this City and all over the State, representative men who were present to honor the advent of our Brother in the path of civil service to a new term upon the Bench which he had graced and honored for so many years. As I stood in the midst of that throng, it seemed to me that there was a tenseness in the very air ; there was something that seemed to whisper, in the midst of joyous congratulations, to every one, that while we were honoring the living, we were, perhaps, standing in the shadow of the tomb. The other occasion was to-day as I looked upon the calm, quiet face of this dead Brother, the thoughts of that former occasion crowded thick and fast upon my memory, and I saw, alas ! that foreboding was realized.

As in life, so in death, he lay peaceful, calm and serene ; the chaplet which we had placed upon his brow, as we hoped to be worn in life, could only now rest upon his bier, for Michael Arnold, the distinguished Mason, the able lawyer, the honest, inflexible and upright judge, was dead. It is written, "And Samuel died, and the people of Israel gathered together to mourn over him ;" so a Prince and Lawgiver has departed from among us, and we can only gather together to lament that his stately form, his calm and distinguished presence will no longer be seen in our

midst. We will never again feel in this life the warm pressure of his Brotherly greeting, or see in that face which always expressed candor and sincerity the warmth and the truth of a deep and abiding affection.

As was said here to-day by Brother Kinsey, he was a man of deep affection, and had the faculty of gathering sincere friends about himself, and holding them fast by ties that were indissoluble. He was warm-hearted, and he knew how to "shew himself friendly," and therefore it was that he was able to call forth from all of us the very best and highest expressions of our friendship and affection for him.

Distinguished among us as a Mason, distinguished among us as a citizen, yet I feel that the highest distinction of all comes from the manner in which for so many years he wore, without stain or spot, the judicial ermine upon his manly shoulders. His example as a judge will live as an inspiration, while his utterances as a jurist will ever be noted as the words of calmness and judicial wisdom, while his keen, clear vision, which, as you put it, Sir, "saw to the very heart of things," moved him to administer impartial and simple justice as the mandate and utterance of the law.

Do not let us stand in the presence of this affliction with doubt. Do not let us stand in the presence of this sorrow, and call it "another visitation," improperly

so, for death we have always with us ; its evidences are constantly about us, and its power is felt within us ; only this time it has touched the circle in which we live and move, and we feel its blow more keenly. Like the Israelites over the dead Samuel, we can rejoice in the life and the character and the sweet memories of the past which vividly recall him who is dead. The memory of our intercourse with him, and the love and affection which we bore him, help to comfort our hearts now. We are thankful for having had the privilege of knowing so lovable a man. Death, in its mystery, has made his lips so that they move not to-day ; his eye-lids so they do not uncloze ; his face so that it cannot take on that warm and loving smile. But Michael Arnold is not dead. Michael Arnold lives. Life is but a noise between two great silences, the silence that precedes birth and the silence that comes with what we term the end of life. Life is like a turbulent sea. The changing circumstances of our affairs swell one upon the other, crowd each other like the waves, and tumble over each other in their mad, headlong, noisy rush ; but the time comes when these things cease for us, and the silence is upon us.

A distinguished Frenchman once said, Life was like a path that led to a precipice. Beginning, we walk in it slowly, flowers upon either side, and the birds sing-

ing in the air. With advancing years we move with accelerated pace until, as we finally near the very end, against our wills we run, and then, suddenly, the fall and oblivion. But I like better the other picture that a famous preacher once drew when he related the story of a traveler and his guide upon the Alps who fell into a deep crevasse in the glacier, from which human help was unavailing to rescue or save them. Almost in despair they wrought and struggled until a rivulet was discovered, leading into the very heart of the mountain of ice, which they followed, although its channel narrowed and grew smaller until it seemed about to close them off from all escape, when just beyond they heard the roaring and surging of a river that flowed beneath the glacier. Upon reaching it, and looking upon it in all its seeming perils, the guide said, "Follow me," and plunged in. The traveler bravely followed, and, after a brief struggle with the roaring, icy waters, they were suddenly carried forth, and out of the darkness, into the sunshine and flowers of the beautiful Valley of Chamounix. There is a Guide who has passed through the River of Death, and He beckons the struggling traveler out into the Light. Our Brother has passed into the land of perpetual sunshine and flowers.

The Thracians said: "Weep when a child is born, but feast when a man is dead." A child has all its

trials and woes to face, but to the man dead the Temple of Fame has opened its doors, and the doors of envy are closed forever. We recognize this thought in our frequent quotation of the old Latin maxim "Mortuum est nil nisi bonum." Then, too, when a man is dead, he is like a slave from whose limbs the shackles have been stricken off. To our deceased Brother the Temple of Fame among men has opened to-day, and the door of envy is closed forever, and the voice that speaks of him will speak only words of praise and of honor. Disease held him in chains, but death has set him free. Greater and better and more far reaching than all these, the life ended here to-day, which was begun and fashioned and framed here with such splendid effort and such fine results, is not lost, it is not ended. The soul has taken the plunge into the icy waters of death and has passed beyond the freezing glacier and the darkness out into the sunlight of a new existence, and entered upon a new career.

Our Samuel has passed from us. We lament his going, and yet, as men, we rejoice in the noble record of his life. In all his splendid manly virtues, in his fine career as a lawyer and jurist, in his accomplishments as a Mason, we can all take a just pride, and, embalmed in memory forever, cherish him as one of the sweetest, purest, brightest, manliest and best of our Masonic Brethren.

Brother JAMES M. LAMBERTON addressed **Grand Lodge** as follows :

Right Worshipful Grand Master and Brethren:—
Scarcely four years have rolled by since the icy hand of death knocked at yonder portal, and summoned from this Grand Lodge to the Grand Lodge on high, one who had served in the Oriental Chair of King Solomon. Again that cold hand has knocked at the same door and summoned another distinguished Brother ; now, as then, one who by the suffrages of the people had been elevated to the high, honorable and responsible position of Judge ; and we rejoice that it may truly be said of Right Worshipful Past Grand Master Brother Michael Arnold, President Judge, as was said of another great Judge, when the judicial ermine rested upon his shoulders it touched nothing less pure than itself.

To-day we mourn for an able, learned, most courteous and greatly beloved Brother. Nor is the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania alone in its sorrow. The whole community in which he lived and of which he was a striking ornament, grieves to-day at his departure. I shall not attempt any comment on his sound learning as a lawyer, or his great ability and success as a jurist and legal reformer, for to-morrow his Brethren of the Bench and Bar will pay merited tributes of love, re-

spect and esteem. But I may say that he possessed in an eminent degree those four qualifications which Socrates said belong to the Judge: To hear courteously; to answer wisely; to consider soberly, and to decide impartially.

As Grand Master of Masons, Brother Arnold was a strong conservator of the Ancient Landmarks of the Craft, and strenuously resisted all innovations. The record which will be made up in June will tell of his ability as Chairman of the Committee on Correspondence, and of his services as a Trustee of one of our great charities.

I refrain from speaking of his long and valiant struggle with death. God has laid his hand upon him, and he sleeps, and his is the reward of one who has wrought well, and was a faithful servant of his Great Master.

I admired and honored him in his life; I grieve and mourn for him in his death.

“Now the laborer’s task is o’er;

Now the battle day is past;

Now upon the farther shore

Lands the voyager at last.

Father, in Thy gracious keeping

Leave we now our Brother sleeping.”

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GRAND LODGE OF PENNSYLVANIA

Quarterly Communication

Held at Philadelphia, June 3rd, A. D. 1903, A. L. 5903.

Right Worshipful Junior Grand Warden, Brother **GEORGE BOAL ORLADY**, addressed Grand Lodge as follows:

“Michael Arnold died April 24, 1903, in the 63rd year of his age,” was the inscription on a plain casket placed in a burial vault on April 27th last in West Laurel Hill Cemetery with the impressive funeral service of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, F. and A. M. The attending concourse embraced high church dignitaries, eminent judges and lawyers, officials of the city and many prominent civilians. All who participated in this funeral pageant were conscious that the remains of an unusual person were being committed to a final resting place.

We will not attempt to discuss the philosophy of life—its duties and responsibilities—its lessons and opportunities. We buried a Brother and in observance of a well established custom, we now make an official record of his departure from us.

To all those who were brought into personal touch with Brother Arnold there remains a sweet memory of a special friendship. The record of his life is a difficult one for registry; he filled many stations and accomplished great ends. He impressed his personality on every place or person in which or with whom he was associated, and he has left us a record of good deeds to voice his fame.

He was made a Mason in Rising Star Lodge No. 126 of this Jurisdiction, having been entered January 23rd, 1871, passed February 27th, 1871, and raised March 27th, 1871. He served as Junior Warden in 1875, Senior Warden in 1876, Worshipful Master in 1877, and was Secretary in 1878. In December, 1886, he was elected Junior Grand Warden of this Grand Lodge, and served as such for the Masonic year of 1887. He was elected Senior Grand Warden in December of 1888-9, Deputy Grand Master in December, 1890-1, and Right Worshipful Grand Master in December, 1892-3, serving as such for the Masonic years of 1893 and 1894. He was a member of the Committee on Appeals from 1878 to 1886. He was a Trustee of the Thomas R. Patton Memorial Charity Fund from 1889 until his death. He was a Trustee of the Title to the Masonic Temple and other Real Estate of the Grand Lodge in 1894 and 1895. He was a member of the Commit-

tee on Landmarks from 1894 until his death. He was the Chairman of the Committee on Correspondence from 1895 until his death. He was a member of Oriental Chapter No. 183, having received his degrees in that body in 1874, and served as Scribe in 1884, King in 1885 and High Priest in 1886. He was a member of the Committee on Correspondence of the Grand Holy Royal Arch Chapter of Pennsylvania, 1889 to 1892 inclusive. He was born 1840 at Philadelphia, and died April 24, 1903, leaving to survive him a widow, two daughters and one son.

His official identification with the Fraternity is but a feeble exhibit of his real influence in Free Masonry. He taught in a subtle and convincing way that its tenets and Landmarks were sacred memorials of the best of the past, and should be applied to our humanity so as to develop the best of the present. He was a many-sided character, and studied humanity from its varied points of strength and weakness. He applied his learning to confirm the teachings of our Masonic history, and to convince the credulous that it was not only an Ancient and Honorable Institution, but was founded upon a code of rules which assured the highest development of mankind to the best levels of citizenship and comradeship. He won the hearts of men by uncommon rules, and was so fortunately framed and

trained that all regarded him as wise and true, and he was so amiably tempered that his associates always greeted him as a most lovable friend. His mind was as sensitive to receive impressions as a photographic plate, and his memory was as accurate as a record in granite. In all his studies, in all his contentions, in all his ministrations he advocated the performance of man's highest duty to his fellow-man, and man's accountability to his God. Without the antecedents of wealth or station, he stepped to a front place early in his life as a leader in thought, and his influence was felt by all classes and conditions of men.

In secular affairs he was as prominent as in fraternal relations. As an attorney he had no specialty, but filled the full measure of a great lawyer in all the courts. In the mazes of special pleading; in the conduct of trial; in the appeal to court and jury in civil or criminal cause, his opponent ever felt that under his magic power a poor cause became strong, and his client felt assured that every legal right had been asserted in his behalf. Twenty years of active service as a law judge furnished a wide field for his fertile mind, and he has written himself into the literature of the profession as one of the ablest jurists of the Commonwealth. His universal fairness, his sagacity, diligence, determination, honesty and his freedom from all improper

influences conjoined to make him an ideal judge, in whom all suitors, whether rich or poor, friend or stranger, had full confidence that justice as administered under his direction was never bought, sold nor delayed. His brethren of the bar have preserved his achievements in fitting memorials, and his renown as a judge will be a treasure in the great archives of the law. Without any attempt at wit, rhetoric or display, he asserted his humor to persuade and convince, and to his friends he was loved as a fountain of perpetual pleasure. In Lodge, in court, at home or in social life he was always the same,—true, pure and tender, giving from his great fund of original thought and experience much of practical knowledge and entertainment. He truthfully epitomized his own character in a eulogy he delivered in this Grand Lodge, when speaking of his friend and co-worker Right Worshipful Past Grand Master Richard Vaux, as follows:

“He was a man of original genius, fertile in the conception of plans for improving and continuing the works in which he was engaged. All the bodies of which he was a member felt the impress of his individuality. He did not content himself with simply following others, but he led them; holding fast to that which was good wherever it was found, while he was quick to discover that which was bad, and to suggest

plans for correcting evils and substituting good forms in their place.”

The dreaded summons, “Be ye, therefore, ready also,” came to him at a time when he was in the apparent flush of perfect health, crowned with power and honor. A malignant disease affected him without any known cause. The diagnosis was convincing and the result was certain. For two and a half years he suffered pain incessantly. The highest surgical skill was invoked; seven heroic operations were performed, every expedient was used, but every day made more certain that the end of his joyous life was to be a lingering and painful one. Solicitous friends showered their kindnesses to his hospital bed. At two annual Grand Communications of this Grand Lodge our Brotherly sympathy was transmitted to him through engrossed resolutions, and through the long days and nights of his suffering he evinced the highest fortitude and submission. Always appreciative of attention, he never uttered a word of complaint, and passed down into the valley of the shadow of death an honest and fearless man,—longing to live but not afraid to die. He met the last order in confident hope that at the final judgment to be entered in that Court of last resort, in which we must in our turn submit the record of life, the decision would be in his favor. “From the voice-

less lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word,
but in the night of death, hope sees a star and listen-
ing love can hear the rustle of a wing."

"You are growing old," they tell us,
 "Every year ;
You are more alone," they tell us,
 Every year ;
You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
 Every year."

"The shores of life are shifting,
 Every year ;
And we are seaward drifting,
 Every year ;
Old places, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
 Every year."

"But the truer life draws nearer,
 Every year ;
And its morning star climbs higher,
 Every year ;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the Dawn Immortal brighter,
 Every year."

RESOLVED, That the Grand Lodge of Pennsyl-
vania F. and A. M. makes this record of the death of
Right Worshipful Past Grand Master Brother Michael

Arnold, who departed this life on April 24th, A. D. 1903, A. L. 5903, at Philadelphia. He was actively identified with this Fraternity for thirty-two years, and filled the stations of the highest dignity in his Subordinate and in this Grand Lodge with honor to himself and with great advantage to the Craft. His high personal character; his charming personality; his great learning and distinction as a judge; his loyalty to the teachings of Free Masonry, secured him a host of admirers and friends, who mourn his death as a personal bereavement.

RESOLVED, That in testimony of regard for his memory, the stations and jewels of the Grand Officers of this Grand Lodge be draped in mourning for six months; and

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be recorded in the minutes of this Communication of the Grand Lodge, and that a copy thereof be engrossed and delivered to the family of Brother Arnold.

Brother PETER BOYD addressed Grand Lodge as follows :

The glowing words of eulogy, that have come burning from the heart of the Right Worshipful Junior Grand Warden, give expression in fitting sentence to the thoughts of many hearts and touch as with a mas-

ter's hand, responsive chords in every breast. Nothing more need be said, than has been said by him. It may well seem that nothing more could be said and yet before the Masonic record of our beloved friend is closed and his name, although a glorious history, becomes but a history in Free Masonry, I would crave the indulgence of the Brethren for a moment that I might tell in some feeble way, how great and high he was to me as a Mason and a Brother. What he was personally to each of us is part of the treasure of our life; to be cherished in the innermost shrine of the heart, there to remain as a sacred thing until we shall see him again face to face when the day breaks and the shadows flee away. But his Masonic record belongs to the Fraternity, and of that record it may become our duty to speak in discharge of a debt of love that we owe to him and an obligation due to the Brethren. Masonry is religion in the truest and most real sense. It is not a religion of a class or sect or division, but the religion of humanity. It shines with equal radiance under a Mosaic as under a Christian dispensation; giving expression to the deepest and profoundest truths of both and binding together as with a living cord the old and the new. It offers to its followers no debatable propositions in science, no theoretical systems of applied logic, no scholastic or recondite dreams or visions for their acceptance or belief.

Founded as it is on the existence of an eternal and ever-living God, by whose will men were formed to dwell on earth in fraternal love and to share together in an immortality beyond the grave, it asks of those who pass its portals that they shall reverence and love the Almighty, that they shall dwell in charity with their Brethren and that they shall suffer not the fear of death to swerve them from honor, fidelity and truth. It counts mercy above sacrifice and the service of the heart more than prayers or postulations or penance. Its ideals and its teachings are all practical and lay emphasis on the loving performance of the simple duties of life, the cheerful acceptance of the will of the Great Architect on high and the glorious hope and belief in the resurrection and life beyond the grave. It has on its pages the names of many illustrious Brethren who have realized these high ideals, and it has been given to us to see in the life and death of our friend one who takes rank among the most illustrious and who fulfilled and exemplified in daily practice the deepest and most spiritual precepts of the Craft. In simple faith he walked with the Unseen, in charity and love he dwelt with the Brethren and in calmness and quiet he awaited the approach of death from a disease that he knew was fatal and would in a short and determined time end in painful dissolution. No warrior ever faced death with

more bravery or courage; no martyr ever bore suffering with more patience or fortitude; no saint ever bowed with more cheerful submission to the will of an inscrutable and unseen Providence. Living as he did for the greater part of the last year of his life amidst the depressing scenes of sorrow and pain in a surgical ward, he went in and out of his chamber of suffering sharing with his friends the pleasures that he so much enjoyed and fulfilling the duties of the high office which he held with so much honor in the community. And yet those who were near him tell us that when the hours of night came on and he thought himself to be alone, his sobs could be heard like the crying of a child, with the pain that he so patiently endured. He weaved the pattern of his life in his last days in sorrow and with tears, though to the world his face only showed the reflection of his kindly and gentle soul. Thus he bore himself among us as a true and faithful Brother, and thus he passed from earth to where beyond these voices there is peace. In life he was as a benediction; in death he has become a glorious and lasting inspiration. May the Great Architect of the Universe so direct our lives that we may be found worthy to sit with him in the Grand Lodge above, even as we were wont in the days that are gone, to sit and commune with him in this Grand Lodge on earth.

District Deputy Grand Master, Brother SAMUEL HAMILTON, addressed Grand Lodge as follows:

Right Worshipful Grand Master and Brethren of Grand Lodge:—

We have heard the story of Past Grand Master Arnold's life from the eloquent lips of one of his honored associates. We have listened to the tribute of respect so fittingly expressed by a Brother who loved him in life and who still loves him; for "what virtue joins death cannot sever." They have enshrined his memory in a lily-white garland of love, and silence at this moment would be more expressive than anything I can offer. Indeed, had my pleasure been consulted, a worthier advocate than myself would speak for the District Deputies on this occasion. Our departed Brother was very close to them. He was their friend, their associate, their counselor, and their Brother. They respected, admired and loved him, and the feeble language at my command is entirely inadequate to voice, in any appropriate way, the sentiments of love and affection that are welling up in their hearts as I stand before you.

Life is the vestibule of eternity; the preparing room of the soul. In it man may divest himself of some of the vices and superfluities, and put on the higher vestments, ere he enter "that spiritual Temple, that

house not made with hands eternal in the Heavens;" the Grand Lodge celestial whose convocations are continuous, and whose Grand Master with supreme equity and justice presides forever.

On the other hand, death is initiation; an initiation that is full, perfect and complete. It is the portal of a larger, fuller, more glorious and more complete life. It is the doorway through which the initiate steps from a world carnal to a world spiritual, from darkness into light.

Thus Brother Arnold has been initiated. The period of his probation has ended. The light of his eye has been darkened. The music of his tuneful voice has been hushed. The beauty of his countenance has faded. The unseen guide, that stands at your side at this moment has conducted him into the presence of the Great Master, before whom he knelt, when years ago he first crossed the threshold of the Craft.

We have just heard that his life was many sided. The circle of his character was full and well rounded. He had many noble traits. But to me he seemed always the kind, true-hearted, unassuming manly man. His was indeed a kindly nature. He was patient, gentle, firm, strong, faithful, just, and manly in all his actions. A touch of genuine manhood ran through the web of his life like a scarlet thread, making it beautiful

and attractive to all. Sincerity was the coin of his realm and he kept it in constant circulation. With it he purchased the love of his Brethren, the respect of his associates, and the admiration even of those whose lot in life made them for the moment his unwilling antagonists. In the garden of his memory there are many fragrant flowers ; but none is more beautiful and attractive, more delicate and exquisite than his genuine, loyal, true-hearted manhood.

Then Brother Arnold was not only a true man, he was a true Mason as well. Some Masons wear their jewels on their breasts, others in them. Our dear Brother was one of the latter. Like others, he had jewels of silver and gold presented by his Brethren, but these will melt with fire and tarnish with time, but he had also the priceless jewels of character that brightened with years and defy even the rust of ages. His Masonry was not an outer garment to be worn on special occasions and then to be thrown aside at will ; it was a part of his life, a manner of living, a thing inseparable from himself. His feet trod nimbly the Masonic heights, his eye pierced keenly the veil of Masonic symbolism and his heart and character fed richly upon the thing symbolized. His jewels were genuine, the jewels which only the true man and the true Mason can wear.

Some Brethren have what may be called the Masonry of the head, others the Masonry of the heart. Brother Arnold belonged to both of these types. As a Mason he was both great and good. Great in the sense that he filled acceptably, as we have heard to-night, the highest office within the gift of his Brethren, where his work gave unmistakable evidence of great Masonic wisdom and sound Masonic judgment. But he was good as well as great, and there is a marked distinction between these two qualities. Greatness springs from the head; goodness from the heart. And goodness outranks greatness as the sun outranks the stars. There is a strong rivalry in this age between the head and the heart. We are likely to place intellect on the throne and give heart power a seat among the lowly. But no such distinction can be made regarding our distinguished Brother. His Masonry was a thing both of the head and the heart. His judicial temperament, broad culture, his solid learning and Masonic wisdom were greatly admired by all; but it was the virtues of his heart that most endeared him to his Brethren. For his thoughts of love and loyalty for them, his impulses of honor and honesty toward them, his words of sympathy and sincerity with them, and his acts of charity for all came not from his intellect or his learning; they were deeply rooted in the very fiber of a true Masonic

heart. "Out of the heart are the issues of life," and in it are born all the truly great achievements of men. Sympathy in the heart of a woman gave us the Red Cross Society. Sympathy in the heart of a man gave freedom to the slave and lighted the torch of human liberty in the western world. Sympathy in the heart of hearts, gave the Sermon on the Mount, and the plan of redemption. True Masonry includes both. Its lessons appeal to the head, and its virtues blossom from the heart. So it was with our Brother. His heart was the abode of all those manly virtues that characterized his life. From it they went forth on the wings of love and mercy, ministering to the wants of the worthy, and pointing out the unselfishness of his life, the purity of his character, the sincerity of his purpose, and the nobility of his manhood. His Masonry was of the genuine type; it found a habitation in both head and heart.

"The evil men do, lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones." So spake the Bard of Avon, and men to-day are likely to accept the statement without question. But he uttered only a half truth, for the beautiful, the good, and the true live also. Kind deeds are imperishable, kind thoughts are eternal, kind hearts are immortal; and the good in the life of a true Brother like our departed, spans the horizon of a greater world than ours. No, the good is not forgot-

ten. Rather would we believe with George Eliot.

When a good man dies he merely goes to

“join that choir invisible

Of those immortal dead, who live again

In minds made better by their presence;—live

In pulses stirred to generosity,

In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn

Of miserable aims that end in self,

In thoughts sublime that pierce the night

like stars,

And with their mild persistence urge man's search

To vaster issues.”

We live in minds made better by his presence; in pulses stirred by his generosity; in deeds of daring rectitude, because of his life; in scorn of selfish aims, because of his unselfishness; and in thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars, because of his noble example. The poet was mistaken,

“For the glory born of goodness never dies,

And its flag is not half-masted in the skies.”

And the good in the life of our Brother still lives to lift and bless us with its hallowed memories.

In building the Mosque of St. Sophia five hundred years before the Christian era, a small quantity of musk was used in the mortar of one of the rooms, and to-day, after twenty-five centuries have taken their silent flight into the oblivion horizoned past, the traveler in that room may still detect the odor of the musk. So the fragrance of the good, strong, manly life of our

Brother will remain. It will linger with his associates and rise as holy incense, perpetuating his name and his memory, and filling the very nostrils of the Craft with the sacred odors of a well spent Masonic life.

Our Brother is gone, but we are his legatees. He enriched us with his fortune; his thought, his word, his act, his example, his character. His life lingers, his influence broadens, his memory remains. The seed that he scattered is growing; the flowers that he planted are blooming; the scions that he set are bending with luscious fruit. And his whole life, all that he was, and all that he did mutely points us with significant finger to the sublime promise of the Great Grand Master: "Be ye faithful unto death and I will give you a crown of life."

Extract from the Minutes.

Attest:

William A. Sinn
Grand Secretary.

